DEVIL'S REIGN CHAPTER THREE
MARVEL COMICS
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In loving memory of Mark Gruenwald

MARVEL COMICS®

TOP COW™ PRODUCTIONS, INC.

CHAPTER THREE

GHOST RIDER/BLAZE: DEVIL'S REIGN

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The story so far...

After abdicating his throne to his son, Blackheart, Mephisto, former Lord of Hell, discovered a new dimension to corrupt. After tricking the Silver Surfer into inadvertently opening a portal between the two worlds, Mephisto arrived in this alternate reality, intent on creating a new Hell to rule. Now Mephisto has embarked on his scheme to turn the Top Cow Universe into the new Sodom and Gamorrah, and the Ghost Rider has been called upon by Eternity to stop him - but is it already too late?

NEW YORK, MIDTOWN. 4:00A.M.
IT'S REEEAL SIMPLE.
EXPLAIN IT AGAIN, PATTY... MY HEAD HURTS SO BAD...
THERE AIN'T NO GOD OF DEATH HERE, SEE?
ALL 'EM SOULS IN THE WORLD, THEY AIN'T USED FOR NOTHING, WHEN THEY COULD BE LIKE CASH, OR ENERGY...
SO MEPHISTO, WHO'S LIKE SOME DEATHGOD ON THE LAM, HE WANTS TO SET UP SHOP HERE.
AND TO BE, LIKE, HIS PALS, ALL WE GOTTA DO IS KILL EVERYONE WE SEE.
EXPLAIN SOMETHING ELSE, PATTY.
HOW COME THERE'S A COMET WITH US IN THE MIDTOWN TUNNEL HERE?

DEVIL'S REIGN
CHAPTER THREE
DIE! DIE! DIE! AAAA HAHAHAHA!
Kill Everyone We See
FOR MARK GRUENWALD, WHO PROBABLY WOULDN'VE HATED IT, BUT HE DID ASK ME TO WRITE IT, AND HE DID UNDERSTAND THE VALUE OF A GOOD LAUGH.

NEW YORK. QUEENS. 2:30A.M.
DRINKS ALL ROUND!
FOR ME!
IT'S ROUGH. YOU KNOW?
WHEN I'M OUTSIDE THIS, THIS, THIS PLACE, WHATEVER IT'S CALLED...WHEN I'M OUT, AND WORKING, IT'S "WHOA, IT'S BALLISTIC. CHICK WITH GUNS. RUN AWAY!"
BUT HERE, IT AIN'T LIKE THAT.
AND THAT'S WHY I HATE IT HERE.
I MEAN, I KNOW I'M GORGEOUS. I CAN'T HELP THAT.
BUT DO I ASK THESE BARFLY GUYS TO KEEP HITTING ON ME? DO IF I DO NOT.
WHAT I'M SAYING IS, I'M SORRY I PUT YOUR COUSIN IN A DUMPSTER, AND HIS CLOTHES IN THE MAILBOX, OKAY?

AW, FUH HOD'S HAKE...MUH HODHAMMED NODE...
SHE HUNCHED MUH HODHAMMED NODE OFF!
SHE HAD IT CLEAN OFF YOUR FACE, SCURF, ONE PUNCH.
INCREDIBLE.
I WANT TO MARRY HER.
THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.
AMAZING. WE STOP IN A BAR TO CAUSE SOME TROUBLE AND INSTEAD I SEE THE WOMAN WHO WILL BEAR MY CHILDREN...

BARTENDER?
YEAH.
I'M IN TROUBLE, AREN'T I?
LOOKS THAT WAY.
I'M OFF TO LOCK MYSELF IN THE JOHN AND SOB FOR MY LIFE. PLACE IS ALL YOURS.
WE ARE THE GENERIC MINION SCUM OF MEPHISTO. WE LOVE YOU.
YES WE DO.
PICK ONE OF US. WE ARE ALL YOUR DEVOTED SEX MUPPETS.
JEEZ. YOU GUYS ARE UGLIER'N SEVEN-DAY-OLD ROADKILL.
WHAT IS THIS, A DAY TRIP FROM THE CHERNOBYL ORPHANAGE?

LET ME TRY TO EXPLAIN THE SITUATION, GUYS.
I'M YOUNG. I'M VIOLENT. I'M EVER SO SLIGHTLY DRUNK.
AND I AM GENETICALLY INCAPABLE OF EVER MISSING A SHOT.
THUNT
THUNT! THUNT!
SO GO AWAY. LET ME DRINK IN PEACE.
BECAUSE I'M WARNING YOU NOW--
--I AM NOBODY'S SEX MUPPET.
YOU KNOW, IF WE PULL HER TO PIECES, WE COULD EACH MARRY A BIT OF HER.

THUNT!
THUNT!
THUNT!
THUNT!
THUNT!
THUNT!
YUM.
URKK—
THUNT!
THUNT!
WHOA—
GRRNT!

-AAAAA-
THUNT!
THUNT!
THUNT!
--UHNNNN!
GONE QUIET. YOU THINK SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS?
I THINK THAT'D BE THE ONE THING THAT MIGHT STOP HER SHOOTING PEOPLE.
I KNOW. WHAT A WONDERFUL LADYYYYY--
EAAAHH!
THE BIT THAT'S SORT OF NEAR MY LEGS--
MY LEGS--
WHERE'S THE ONE WHO CALLED ME A WONDERFUL LADY?
I WANT TO KILL HIM TWICE.

HERE
YOU WANT TO KILL ME. TWICE? I MUST BE VERY SPECIAL TO YOU
TCHAU
GET OFF, GET OFF--
YOU ARE BALLISTIC, I IMAGINE
YOUR FRIENDS IN CYBERFORCE EXPRESSED CONCERNS ABOUT YOUR SAFETY.
THEY BELIEVED YOU TO BE LOITERING IN SOME DEGENERATE SINKHOLE.
AND PROBABLY IGNORANT OF THE DANGER HERE.
I CHOSE TO RIDE INTO THIS NEW YORK TO FIND YOU FOR THEM. THIS WAS NOT DIFFICULT

THIS NEW YORK?
I AM FROM WHAT IS TERMED AN ALTERNATE EARTH. THIS IS NOT MY NEW YORK
DON'T BELIEVE IT
I DO NOT LIE.
THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAME INTO TOWN JUST TO LOOK FOR ME. YOU DON'T LOOK THE TYPE.
NOT THAT I KNOW LOTS OF PEOPLE WHO RIDE AROUND WITH THEIR HEADS ON FIRE, BUT...
THE CREATURE THAT HAS WROUGHT THIS HORROR IS FROM MY ALTERNATE . A MONSTER NAMED MEPHISTO.
HE HAS CAUSED SUFFERING AND MURDER. THERE MUST BE VENGEANCE.
MY VENGEANCE.
UH-HUH RIGHT. SFFFT
LET'S YOU AND ME GET SOME ALTITUDE, TAKE A LOOK AT ALL THIS HORROR YOU'RE GIBBERING ABOUT

DOWNTOWN. 3 OOA.M.
WHEN I SAID [redacted] ALTITUDE!!, I THOUGHT MAYBE WE'D WALK UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS, NOT RIDE SATAN'S HARLEY THERE UP THE SIDE OF A [redacted].
BE MORE SPECIFIC IN THE FUTURE.
YEAH, RIGHT, OH, JEEZ...WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT
SEEN IT
SHUT UP
THE DEATHGOD IS BUILDING HIMSELF A KEEP IN DOWNTOWN NEW YORK, BALLISTIC.
HIS CREATURES, NOT ALIVE IN ANY NORMAL SENSE, PROWL THE TERRITORY, KILLING TO HARVEST SOULS FOR THEIR MASTER.

THINGS LOOK WEIRD OVER BY TIMES SQUARE...BLURRY, LIKE THERE'S A HEAT HAZE OVER IT
TIMES SQUARE HAS BECOME THE BEAST'S LAIR. HE SQUATS AMONGST THE PORNOGRAPHY AND DRUGS, FEEDING UPON MURDER

YOU ARE REALLY, REALLY BORING. YOU KNOW THAT?
I'D TRY AND GET YOU TO LAUGH, BUT I THINK YOUR LOWER JAW WOULD FALL OFF

WELL
SINCE WE'RE HERE, AND CYBERFORCE ARE SOMEWHERE ELSE ENTIRELY--BOIL-WASHING THEIR UNIFORMS AND THINKING NICE THOUGHTS, I'D GUESS--

--I SAY WE GO TO TIMES SQUARE, SHOOT A GREAT MANY PEOPLE, AND PLAY FOOTBALL WITH THE HEART OF THE BEAST
YOU WITH ME?

GET OFF THE BIKE.
NOBODY TOUCHES THE BIKE.

FORWARD!
FORWARD!

THUNT!
THUNT!
TCHAK!
TCHAK!
AWAY FROM HERE!
YOU ARE NOTHING!
BACKWARD! BACKWARD!

WARD
MIDTOWN 3:50A.M.
HE HAS FED TOO MUCH UPON THE SOULS OF THIS WORLD TOO [illegible]
I SHALL RETURN YOU TO YOUR COLLEAGUES. WE MUST AMASS OUR FORCES
YOU'RE ANGRY, AREN'T YOU? I CAN TELL
HEY
I SEE SOMETHING STOP THIS THING
NOW?
HE IS TOO STRONG FOR ME ALONE--OR WITH A DRUNKEN BARFLY SHARP-SHOOTER.
WELL, ACTUALLY, I CAN'T, BUT IT SOUNDED GOOD
WAIT UNTIL WE LAND ON A ROOFTOP, EH
IT MUST BE [illegible] MINIONS. THEY HEAD FOR THE MIDTOWN TUNNEL
HEADING UPTOWN--TO HARVEST NEW SOULS FOR MEPHISTO. THEY WILL KILL ALL OF MANHATTAN
NOW THAT'S MORE MY SPEED

4:00A.M.
MAYBE.
MAYBE NOT.
WERE YOU LAUGHING?

DID IT--
WE HAVE SOLVED ONLY PART OF THE PROBLEM.
GOOD POINT
THEY COULD WALK OUT OF THE TUNNEL, FIND OTHER CARS, GO THE OTHER WAYS ROUND TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN.
THERE MUST BE VENGEANCE. PUNISHING THEIR MOTOR VEHICLES IS NOT SUFFICIENT.
IF IT WERE, I WOULD SPEND MY DAYS VISITING HORRIBLE BEATINGS UPON MISCREANTS' FURNITURE

I DUNNO. "GHOST VANDAL?" "GHOST UPHOLSTERER."
"IT'S DECOR RIDER! RUN FOR YOUR SOFA!"
GET READY TO TAKE US DOWN THE TUNNEL.
THIS IS GOING TO BE MESSY.

DRINKS ALL ROUND, I THINK.
I DO NOT DRINK.
OKAY... DRINKS ALL ROUND-- FOR ME.
I'VE BEEN WONDERING: CAN YOU PICK YOUR NOSE?
I MEAN, IT'S JUST A FLAMING STUMP ON YOUR HEAD AND ALL, BUT...CAN YOU?..

TO BE CONTINUED...